



HIAWATHA THE INDIAN





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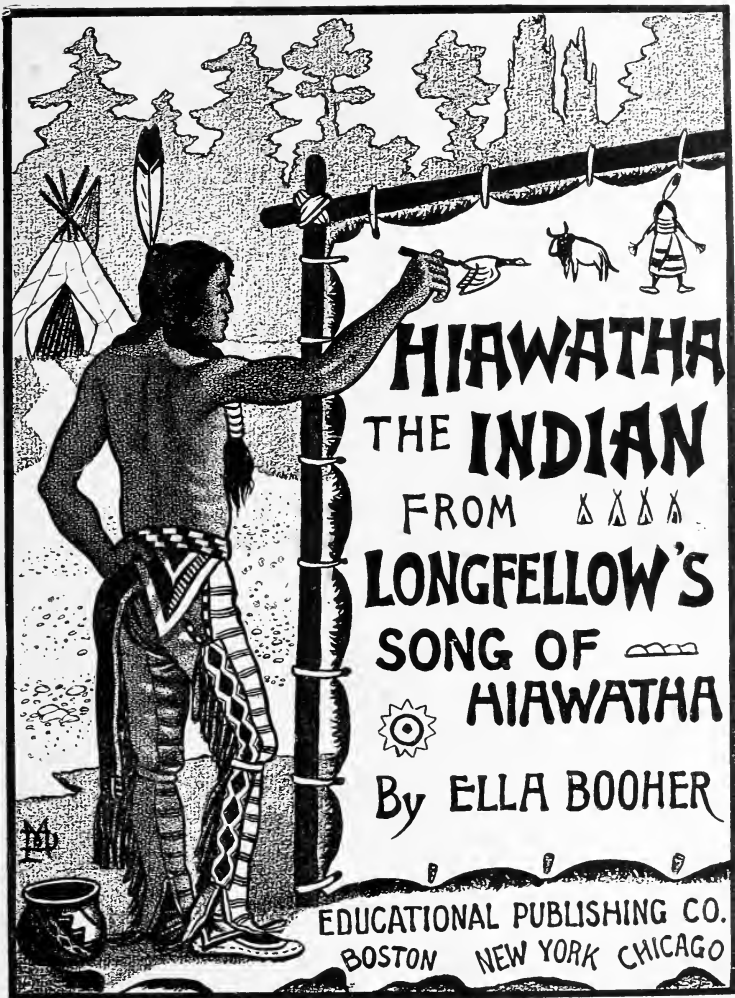
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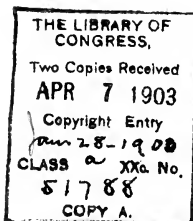




Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth



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PREFACE.

In preparing this little book I have aimed at two things: First, to present some of the beauties of this writer to the millions of school children who are gradually acquiring a love for good literature, and, second, to furnish a supplementary reader both instructive and entertaining; a book that can be used by those teachers who realize that in order to get the best results in reading, the child must be furnished not simply with words to pronounce but *thoughts* to occupy his mind.

E. B.

THE STORY OF HIAWATHA.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

“Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.”

—*From “Children.”*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. The house in which he was born was situated so that he could see the sea, and as he grew older he learned to love its restless motion and its waves whispered many strange stories of far distant countries and people.

He was very fond of his childhood home and in his poem, “My Lost Youth,” he tells us that he often thought of the dear old town and the beautiful sea.

Longfellow’s father was a lawyer and he was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, of whom he tells us in “The Courtship of Miles Standish.”

When he was three years old he began to go to school and at the age of six he was a good Latin and Greek scholar. He entered Bowdoin College in 1821 and graduated from there in 1825, at the age of eighteen. He was one of the best scholars in the class. While at college he wrote some of his best known poems. After he graduated he was offered a position in the college as teacher of foreign languages and literature.

He went to Europe to prepare himself for this work and spent nearly two years in the different countries of the Old World studying their language and literature. Returning, he taught for five years at Bowdoin. While there, in 1831, he married Mary Potter, a young lady of Portland. He was offered the professorship of modern literature and languages in Harvard University and he resigned his position at Bowdoin college to accept the one at Harvard.

Again he went to Europe to study and gather rich gems from the best masters of the world. This time he was accompanied by his wife. While they were at Rotterdam she was taken suddenly ill and died. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant were at that time staying in Rotterdam and it was with them that the Longfells made their home. We can readily understand how the poet's heart was saddened by the death of his loved wife and best friend, but by that strength of will which is apparent in all his undertakings, he applied himself to his work and not only prepared himself for his responsible position at Harvard, but also wrote the "Hyperion," which has been the delight of all nations.

Returning to the United States in 1836, he begun his work in the University and made his home in rooms of the old Craigie House, which had become historical during the Revolutionary War. This house was afterward purchased and became Longfellow's own property. Every nook and corner of this old house was filled with ghosts of the past which told of the days long ago, when George Washington lived there and was surrounded by the brightest people of that time. From the windows, the River Charles could be seen

winding its way through the green fields and meadows. The beautiful thoughts brought to Longfellow by this river have been given to us in his poem "The River Charles."

People were beginning to think and talk about slavery and, in 1842, Longfellow wrote his poems on slavery, which at once became famous. Of course many people did not agree with what the poet said but nevertheless they thought and talked about them.

He was married to Frances Appleton in 1843 and during their wedding journey they visited the Catskill Mountains. These mountains are full of wild, strange legends and stories handed down from the Indians and also from the early Dutch settlers, and it is very likely that some of these have been woven into his poems and sketches.

The Longfellow home at Craigie House was an ideal one. It was here that most of his best writing was done and he gives glimpses of the beautiful home life in "The Children's Hour."

Six children played in the large rooms and on the broad lawns and in the evening twilight crept to their father's study for a talk with their best friend. And since children in all ages are much alike, it is safe to say that they searched the garret for revolutionary relics.

His first great poem was "Evangeline," which was published in 1847. This is a historical poem as well as a romance. It pictures strikingly the sufferings and hardships of the Acadian people after they were taken from their homes and scattered over the different states.

Next came "Hiawatha," in 1855, which is the most

thoroughly American of all his great poems. "Evangeline" deals with the French exiles of Acadia. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" tells us of the people who came from England in the Mayflower, but "Hiawatha" speaks to us in the voice of our own dearly loved mountains, valleys, plains and lakes. It tells us of the growth and history of a race found only in our own country.

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple;
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened; —
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha."

These lines embrace the creed of every Christian religion. They are filled and breathing with the Christ-love for all mankind. Although men may not always know what thing they long and strive for, yet the simple trying makes them better and brings them nearer to God.

After teaching eighteen years at Harvard, Longfellow resigned in order to give more time to literature.

In July, 1861, while giving an entertainment to her children,

Mrs. Longfellow's thin dress caught fire and she was burned to death. In trying to extinguish the flames, our gentle poet was so badly burned that for some time he was confined to his room and was unable to attend the funeral of his wife.

Thus the golden home life was broken and his heart strings were torn and bruised, but through it all he kept his wonderful sweetness of character and his love for nature and especially for the children.

He again went to Europe in 1868, this time with a family party, but he was not satisfied and returned to Cambridge, where he lived until March 24, 1882. Then the angel of death came and beckoned to him and he went forth into the great beyond with the calm faith of a little child.

Although the poet is dead his work lives after him and the influence of his life is felt even beyond the seas.

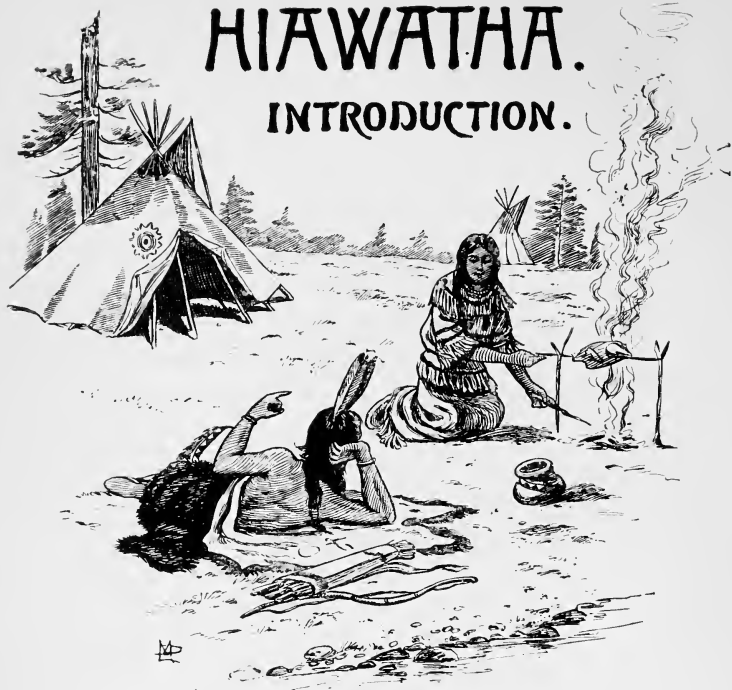
His last resting place is in Mount Auburn cemetery, near Cambridge, Mass.

Longfellow was not only a poet but he was a pure, noble man who made the world much better for his having lived and worked in it. The whole history of his life is told in these two lines, —

“ Do thy duty ; that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.”

HIAWATHA.

INTRODUCTION.



Should you ask me whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

“ I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.”

“ In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.”

“ There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people ! ”

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ; —
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.



WHERE THE STORY WAS FOUND



The Song of Hiawatha is a collection of the legends and traditions of the Indian tribes, principally of the Ojibways and Dacotahs.

These were gathered from the mountains and valleys, from the cries and songs of the wild animals and birds of the forest. While running through them all one can almost hear the rush of the rivers as they hurry with whirl and roar on their way to the sea, see the smoke as it wreathes itself in fantastical shapes from the wigwams far up into the blue sky, and feel the dew of evening in the marshes and meadows.

It is supposed that these were told by an

Indian singer or poet called Nawadaha, who lived in the valley of Tawasentha. They were told by the fathers to their sons through many generations, because they had no other way of keeping the legends. They could not write, so had no books. These stories were told in a monotone or chant which made them much more pleasing to the ear.

Nawadaha lived in a small village in the valley which was surrounded by the meadows and the cornfields. Then, farther back from the village, was the forest of pine-trees which were ever singing to those who could understand them.

Several pleasant rivers ran through the valley and Nawadaha got many of his stories from them and from the wild fowl. In this place he was surrounded by many things which made him think pure and noble thoughts and

here he wrote of Hiawatha, of his birth and after life, when he prayed and fasted that he might find some way to better the condition of his people. He was the great prophet or teacher who was sent to toil and suffer and at last to bring many blessings to his people.

Those who believe that in every human heart there are hopes and longings for something nobler and better, and that in the blind searching after an ideal, men and women are made better, will find much in the Song of Hiawatha to make their own lives nobler; for it breathes of love and longing, hope and sorrow, and through all a boundless trust in the Here and the Hereafter.

tra-di'-tions, stories told *not written*.

re-ver-ber-a'-tions, echoes.

Na-wa-da'-ha, an Indian poet or singer.

Ta-wa-sen'-tha, a valley.

Hi-a-wa'-tha, the great teacher.

fan-tas'-ti-cal, strange or dreamy.

THE PEACE PIPE



On the mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

As the master of Life came over the prairies
a river flowed from his footsteps through the
meadows, and when it came to the steep rocks
of the mountains it plunged down, gleaming
like Ishkoodah, the comet.





STOOD ERECT, AND CALLED THE NATIONS

When he came to the Red Pipe-Stone Quarry, he stopped and broke off a piece of the stone and made it into a pipe-head with his fingers. He covered it with figures of birds and animals, and then took a reed from the river bank and made a stem for it. It was a very beautiful pipe with the dark green leaves on the stem.

Then he filled the pipe bowl with red willow bark, and made the branches in the forest bend and sway with the wind until they rubbed together and made fire. With this fire he lighted his peace-pipe.

Then he stood erect upon the mountain and smoked the Peace-Pipe as a signal for all nations to come together at that place. And as the smoke rose above the tree-tops, even to the heavens, all the tribes saw it and started for the quarry.

And the prophets of the nations
Said ; “ Behold it, the Paukwana !
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council ! ”

For days and days all the people were
traveling rapidly in one direction, till they
reached the red stone quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,

In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

For many years these people had been fighting among themselves, tribe against tribe, and when they found themselves all together they were anxious to begin fighting again.

Gitche Manito saw how they felt and he was sorry for them. He stretched his right hand over them and when its shadow fell upon them their anger was soothed and their desire for revenge was gone.

Then he told them that he was sorry for them, and asked them to listen to the words of knowledge and wisdom he was going to speak to them;

“ I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,

I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ? ”

He told them he was weary of seeing them
always fighting and quarreling with each other.
That if they lived in peace they would be the
strongest of nations, but if they kept on fighting
they were in danger of being destroyed.

“ I will send a prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide and who shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his councils,

You will multiply and prosper ;
 If his warnings pass unheeded,
 You will fade away and perish !
 Bathe now in the stream before you,
 Wash the war-paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
 Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
 Break the red stone from this quarry,
 Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
 Take the reeds that grow beside you,
 Deck them with your brightest feathers,
 Smoke the calumet together,
 And as brothers live henceforward ! ”

In this way the Master of Life promised to send Hiawatha to the people, and also promised that if they obeyed him and followed his teachings and stopped their warfare, they would be blessed and made to prosper.

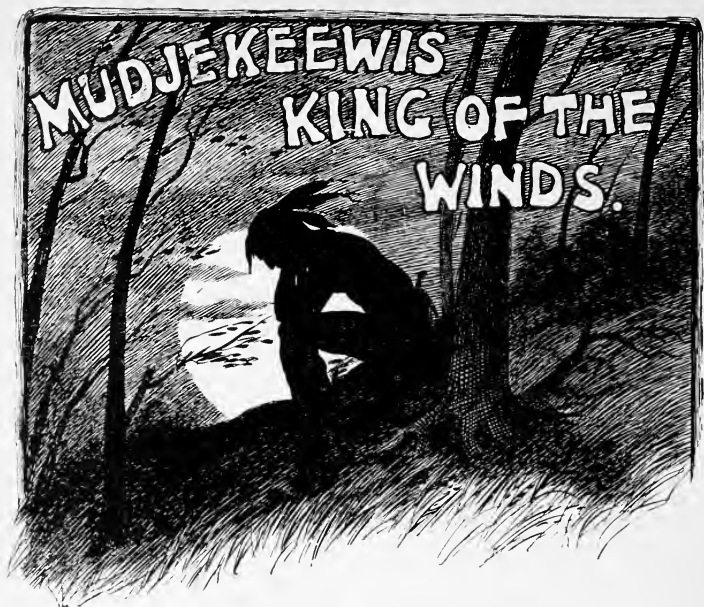
When he ceased speaking all the warriors threw their clothes and weapons in a heap on the river bank, and leaped into the water and washed the war-paint from their faces and bodies. Then when they came out of the water they made a deep hole and buried all their war-clubs and every warlike weapon. When they had done this the Great Spirit was pleased and smiled upon them in kindness.

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward.
While the Master of Life ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,

Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him.
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

This was the first Indian council, and the first time the Peace-Pipe was used. Both of these customs were taught them by Gitche Manito and ever since they have held councils and smoked the pipe of peace.

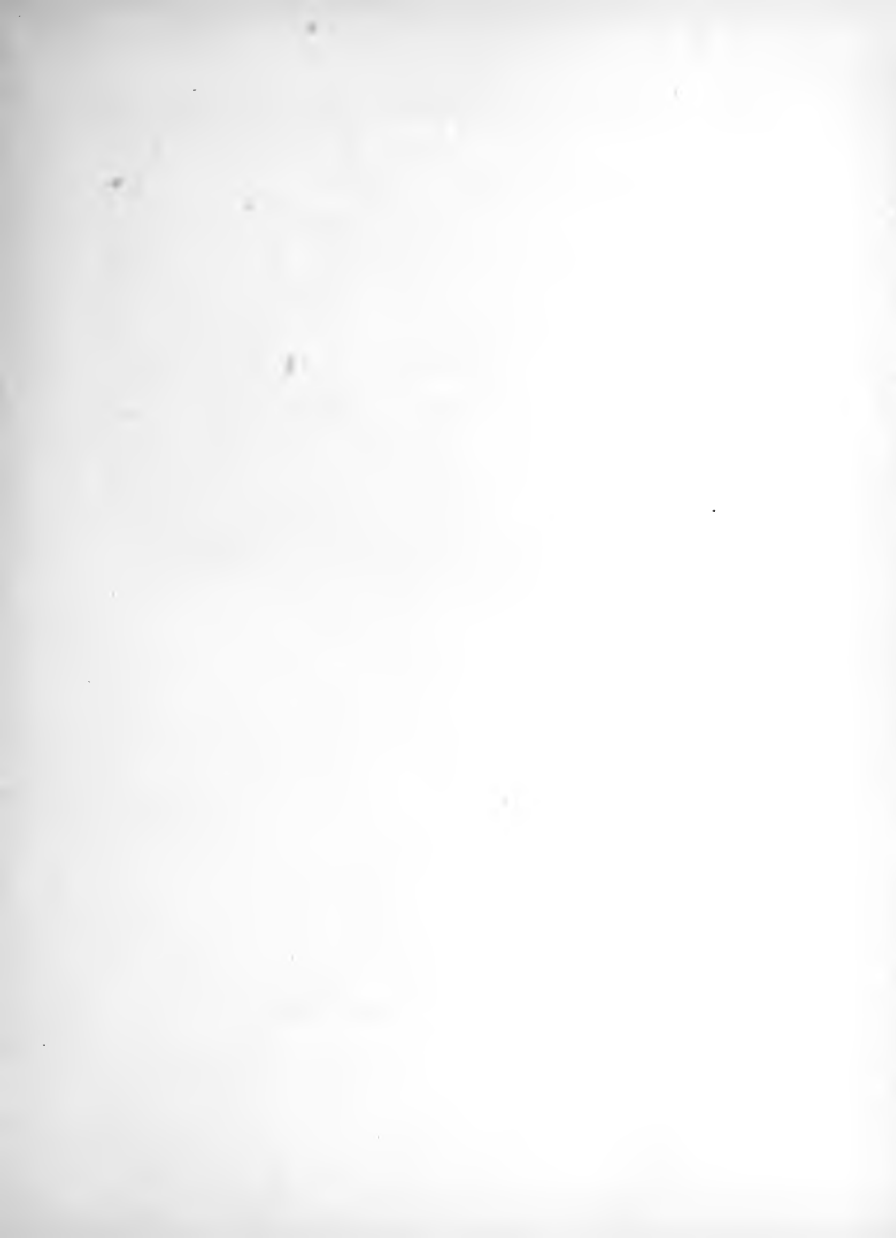
quar-ry, place where stones are dug from the earth.
Git-che Man'-i-to, the Master of Life.
Ish-koo-dah', a comet.
Puk-wa'-na, the smoke of the Peace-Pipe.
cal'-u-met, the Peace-pipe.
pro-phet, a teacher.
coun'-cil, a gathering of people to form plans.



Far to the north in the mountains lived the Great Bear, Mishe-Mokwa. He was very wicked and fierce and all the people were afraid of him. He had the sacred belt of Wampum.

Mudjekeewis was very brave and he said he would go into the north and kill Mishe-Mokwa and bring home the belt of wampum.

Silently he went along until he found the





THE DEATH OF MISHE-MOKWA.

Great Bear asleep and he stole upon him and took the sacred belt. Then he shouted his war-cry and struck Mishe-Mokwa in the middle of his forehead. The Bear was dazed, and reeled and staggered and sat upon his haunches whimpering.

Mudjekeewis was not afraid but taunted him and laughed at him. Then he struck him again and killed him.

When Mudjdkeewis came home all the people were glad and were very proud of him.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”

With a shout exclaimed the people.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!

Henceforth he shall be the West Wind,

And hereafter and forever

Shall he hold supreme dominion

Over all the winds of heaven.”

So, as an honor, Mudjekeewis was made king of all the winds of heaven. He kept the West Wind and gave the others to his children. He gave the East Wind to Wabun. The East Wind was very beautiful; he brought the morning light and painted the sky in all the rosy colors of the sunrise. He it was who called everything and awoke the birds and flowers in the morning.

But Wabun was lonely because he had no one to love. One morning he looked down upon the earth and saw a beautiful maiden walking by the river, and he wooed her with his singing and whispering among the branches. He brought her the sweetest music and the sweetest odors and at last she learned to love him. Then he drew her up into the sky to himself and changed her into a star.

And in the heavens they are forever seen

walking together, the East Wind and the beautiful Morning Star.

Mudjekeewis gave the North Wind to Kabi-bonokka who was so cruel and fierce and who had his home among the snow and icebergs of the far north.

He it was whose hand in Autumn
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,
 Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
 Drove the cormorant and heron
 To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
 In the realms of Shawondasee.

SHINGEBIS was a diver and once when the

cold weather came on he did not go to the south with his people, but built a lodge and gathered enough wood to last all winter and stayed to hunt and fish.

This made Kabibonokka very angry and he determined to punish the diver.

“Who is this that dares to brave me?

Dares to stay in my dominions,

When the Wawa has departed,

When the wild goose has gone southward,

And the Heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

Long ago departed southward?

I will go into his wigwam;

I will put his smouldering fire out!”

So at night he came and shook the poles of the wigwam and flapped the skin at the doorway, but Shingebis was not afraid because he had plenty of firewood. Then the angry North

Wind came into the lodge, but Shingebis only made the fire bigger and he had to leave.

Now he was more angry than ever and made the ice thicker and the snow deeper. Then challenged Shingebis to come out into the frozen meadows and wrestle, naked, with him.

All night they wrestled on the moor, till at last the North Wind gave up the contest and went back to the far Northland.

Shawondasee, the South Wind, had his dwellings far to Southward. He was very listless and lazy, but he drove the North Wind away in the spring and sent the birds and flowers. He caused the melons and tobacco to grow and ripen and the grapes to hang in purple bunches in the summer.



From his pipe the smoke ascending,
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,

Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian summer
In the Moon when nights are brightest,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Shawondasee had one great sorrow in his life. One morning he looked over the meadow and saw a dandelion; he thought it was a maiden with a green dress and golden hair.

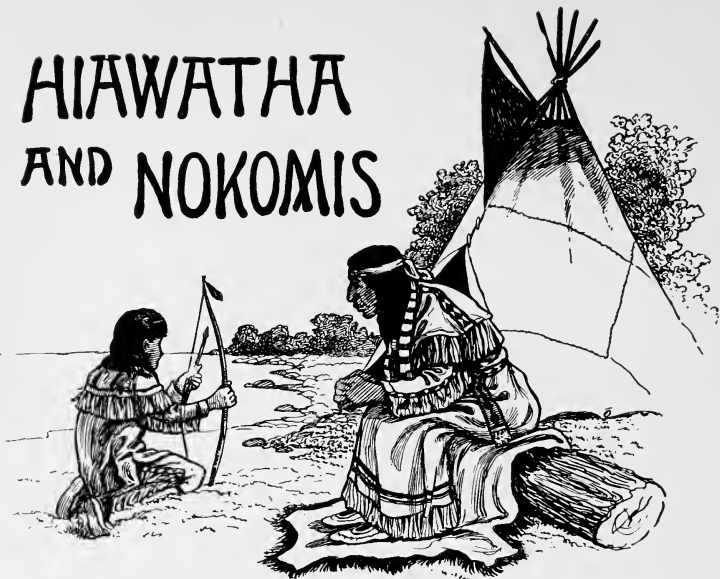
He was too lazy to go and win her but every day he loved her more and more. At last, one morning, when he arose, and looked for his love, he found that her green dress was gone and that her hair was white. He thought the North Wind had wooed the maiden and won her and he was very sad.

So the South Wind wandered over the
meadow, always sighing for the lost maiden.

Thus the Four Winds were divided;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

Mishe'-Mok-wa, the Great Bear.
Mud-je-kee'-wis, the West Wind, king of the winds,
 Hiawatha's father.
do-min'-ion, rule or authority.
Wa'-bun, the East Wind.
Kab-i-bo-nok'-ka, the North Wind.
Shin'-ge-bis, the diver.
Shaw-on-da'-see, the South Wind.
sea-tang, seaweed.

HIAWATHA AND NOKOMIS



Long, long ago, so long that no one knows exactly when it was, Nokomis fell from the moon. She was very, very beautiful, one of the most beautiful women ever seen. This is how she happened to fall from the moon to the earth.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grapevines,

When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
“See ! a star falls !” said the people :
From the sky a star is falling !”

Nokomis had a daughter who was almost as beautiful as she was herself when she was young. This girl's name was Wenonah and she was tall and slender like the lilies of the meadow.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
“O, beware of Mudjekeewis ;



Of the West-wind, Mudjekeewis."

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not these words of wisdom.

Wenonah would not listen to Nokomis, but when Mudjekeewis came dancing over the meadows and wooed her, she was pleased and went away with him.

The West Wind was heartless and fickle and when he grew tired of Wenonah he left her and Hiawatha, and went laughing away.

Then Wenonah took Hiawatha and went home to the wigwam of her mother, Nokomis.

But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted

By the West Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

Nokomis wept for her daughter for a long time and was very sad. She was old now and not so beautiful as when she was young.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the Wigwam of Nokomis.

Gitche Gumee is the Indian name for Lake Superior and they also called it the Big-Sea-Water. On the shores of this lake stood the wigwam of Nokomis, and it was there that Hiawatha grew from a baby to a man. It was a very pretty place.

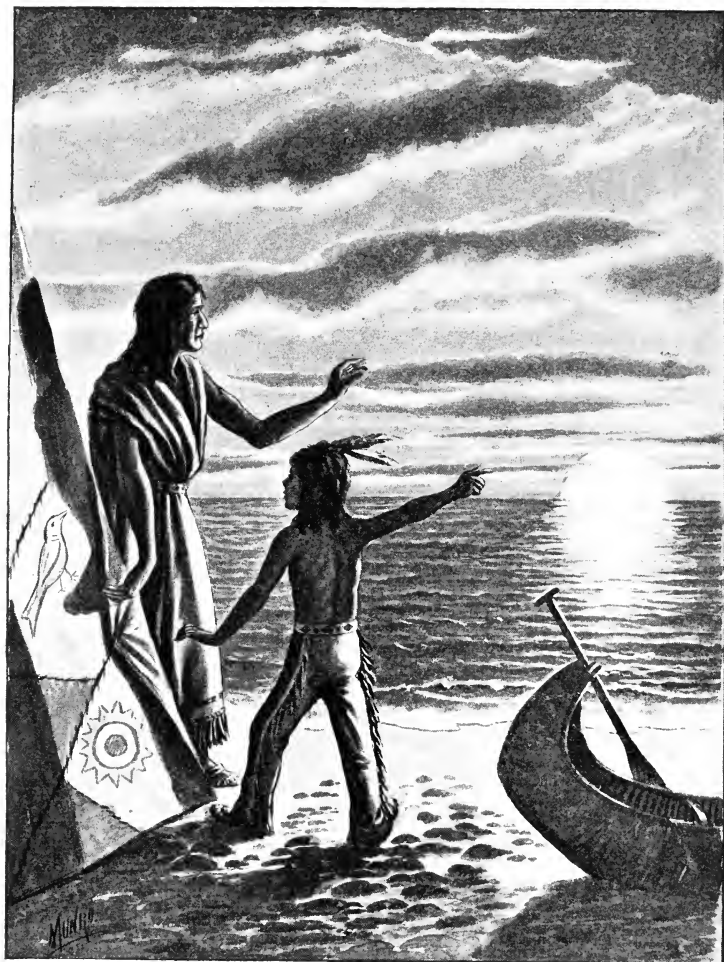
Nokomis rocked him to sleep in his linden cradle at night and sung queer songs to him.

She taught him about the stars in heaven, the
comets, and showed him the path in the sky
where the dead warriors pass from earth to
heaven.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
- Sounds of music, words of wonder :
- “ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine-trees,
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.

While he was sitting at the doorway he saw
the firefly flitting back and forth among the
trees and over the water, and he sang :

“ Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,



Little dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !”

When he saw the moon rise out of the lake,
 he whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”
 Nokomis told him that once, a long time ago,
 when a warrior was very angry, he took his
 grandmother and threw her up to the moon
 and that it was her face he saw there.

Nokomis taught him many strange things.
 She told him that when the flowers died in
 the forest and on the meadow, they bloom
 again in heaven and make the rainbow.

Hiawatha was in the forest so much he
 learned all about the birds and animals. He
 called the birds, “Hiawatha’s chickens,” and
 the animals, “Hiawatha’s brothers.”

He was so kind that they were not afraid of him and he learned their language and talked with them whenever he met them in the forest.

Iagoo, a friend of Nokomis, often told Hiawatha wonderful stories of his hunting and travels. One day he made a bow and some arrows for Hiawatha. The bow was made of ash, and the string of deer-skin and the arrows were made of oak with points of flint, and winged with feathers.

Then he said to Hiawatha ;
“Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roe-buck, ,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !”

Hiawatha took the bow and arrows and went out into the forest by himself to do as Iagoo had told him.

The birds sang around him and said, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" The squirrel leaped among the branches and laughed, and the rabbit sat at one side of the path; and they all called to him, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river.
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

When he reached the ford Hiawatha hid among the bushes and waited for the deer to come down to drink. After awhile he saw a large roe-buck come to the edge of the stream and pause to listen. His head was lifted and he was sniffing the air. Then Hia-

watha shot an arrow and the deer fell dead on the river bank.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward.
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

Iagoo was very proud of Hiawatha. He had taught him to shoot with the bow and arrows and now little Hiawatha had killed the largest deer in the forest.

Nokomis was also proud of Hiawatha ; she made a great dinner of the deer's flesh and invited all the village. Every one praised

Hiawatha and called him Strong-Heart. Nokomis made him a shirt out of the skin of the deer and trimmed it with fringe.

It is not strange that Hiawatha was such a wonderful child, for his mother was a descendant from the people of the moon and his father was the West Wind.

No-ko'-mis, Hiawatha's grandmother.

Mus-ko-day', the meadow.

Wen-o'-nah, Hiawatha's mother.

Git'-che Gu'-mee, the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.

Minni-wa'-wa, sound of the wind in the pine trees.

Wah-wah-tay'-see, the firefly.

I-a-goo (E-a'-goo), the great boaster and story teller.

HIAWATHA'S VENGEANCE.



When Hiawatha grew to manhood he was very wise. He knew all the games the young men played, all the manly arts and labors, and he had listened to the stories of the old men and warriors until he knew the history of many ages.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from him,

And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha :
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had magic mittens of deer-skin that
made him so strong he could break great
rocks, and grind them into powder. He wore
magic moccasins which enabled him to take
steps a mile long.

Much he questioned old Nokomis,
Of his father, Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;

And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
“ I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father ;
At the door-ways of the West-wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! ”

Hiawatha dressed himself for a long journey. He put on his magic mittens which gave him strength, and his moccasins which gave him speed. He put on his deer-skin shirt and leggings which were decorated with quills and wampum, and in his hair he put a bunch of eagle feathers. He put his belt of wampum^{*} about his waist, and took his bow and quiver of arrows. Then he was prepared for his journey to the gates of the Sunset.

Nokomis was afraid that some harm would

happen to him and tried to persuade him to stay at home.

“Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
 To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
 Lest he harm you with his magic,
 Lest he kill you with his cunning!”

But Hiawatha was determined to go and punish Mudjekeewis for the way he had treated his mother. He passed out of the lodge and into the forest, taking a mile at each step. He saw none of the beauties of the forest, or the meadow, for his heart was full of anger. So he journeyed ever westward toward the home of the West-Wind.

Swiftly he crossed the valley and the Mississippi River, onward across the western prairies, till he came to the Rocky Mountains

on the top of which was the throne of Mudjekeewis.

Hiawatha was filled with awe and wonder when he first saw his father. His long, white hair was blown about and filled the air like foamy clouds.

Mudjekeewis was very glad to see Hiawatha for he seemed to see his youth rise before him in Hiawatha's face.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!”

Hiawatha stayed and for many days he and Mudjekeewis talked together. Mudjekeewis boasted of the great deeds he had done in his youth, and proudly told how he had killed Mishe-Mokwa in the mountains of the north. He told how very brave he was and that nothing could hurt him.

Hiawatha sat and listened to his boasting and never let him know by word or look that he had come to take vengeance for the treatment of his mother. But his heart was hot and his mind was full of hatred.

Then they talked of other things, of Hiawatha's brothers, the East-Wind, the South-Wind and the North-Wind, and at last of Wenonah. When Mudjekeewis told the same story that Nokomis had told him long ago, Hiawatha could stand it no longer.

And he cried, " O Mudjekeewis
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your foot-steps ;
You confess it ! you confess it ! "



Then Hiawatha sprang at Mudjekeewis and the great battle begun. The trees and bushes were torn up all around and the great rocks were broken and trampled in the mountains.

Even yet there are traces of the dreadful conflict; you can see the great rocks broken and scattered in the valleys.

For three days the battle lasted and Mudjekeewis retreated westward, followed by Hiawatha. They retreated until they came to the farthest border of the earth, where the great sun sank out of sight in the evening.

“ Hold ! ” at length cried Mudjekeewis,
 “ Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !
 ’Tis impossible to kill me,
 For you cannot kill the immortal,
 I have put you to this trial
 But to know and prove your courage ;

Now receive the prize of valor !

“ Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians.
All the giants, the Wendigoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“ And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.”

Thus was Hiawatha promised a reward for

working and toiling among his people. As he went on his way homeward everything seemed beautiful for all the anger was gone from his heart.

He paused only once on his way home, and then in the land of the Dacotahs, where an old man lived who was famous as an arrow-maker. No other arrows were so good and true as his, none so sharp and strong.

This old man had a daughter whose name was Minnehaha. She was very beautiful, and the old man named her after the falls which were near their wigwam, Minnehaha, Laughing Water. The name suited her well for her voice was soft and musical as the water where it fell gleaming over the falls.

Hiawatha bought his arrows, but he also looked at Minnehaha, and carried the memory of her with him on his journey.

All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

Since he had seen his father and satisfied his thirst for vengeance Hiawatha gave his attention to the work he had to do. He tried to find some way to make the life of his people better.

Ken-a'-beeks, serpents.

Pau'-guk, death.

Kee-way'-din, the Northwest-Wind.

Da-co'-tahs, a tribe of Indians.

Min-ne-ha'-ha, Laughing Water, the wife of Hiawatha.

THE GIFT OF CORN



You shall hear how Hiawatha,
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

He went into the forest and built a lodge in which to fast, close beside the shining water of the lake. This was in the springtime when the forest was full of birds and animals, but

for seven days and nights he ate no food of any kind.

He wandered through the woods and saw the birds flying in the sky, the deer and other animals in the thicket, the fishes leaping and playing in the water, and the berries ripening on the vine.

As he looked at these things he was very sorrowful, for he realized that, although there was plenty of food in the spring and summer, there was no way of keeping a supply for the cold days of winter. The berries were good while they lasted but they would not last, and in the fall most of the birds flew away to the south, so the Indians must depend on the fishes and animals. Sometimes the river froze so hard that they could not fish, and the snow was so deep that they could scarcely hunt.

“ Master of Life ! ” he cried desponding,
“ Must our lives depend on these things ? ”

The Great Spirit heard his cry and was sorry for him and pitied him.

When Hiawatha had fasted for four days he was very weak. He could hardly stand and he lay in his wigwam on a bed of leaves. He looked out at the door and the trees seemed to reel and move, while the water gleamed and glistened in the light of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset ;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

When this young man came to the doorway he paused and looked at Hiawatha and smiled. He saw that he was worn and wasted, and knew that he was fasting and praying for the good of his people and not for himself.

He spoke kindly to Hiawatha, and his voice was soft and low like the whispering of the South-Wind among the pine-trees.

Said he, "O, my Hiawatha!"

All your prayers are heard in heaven,

For you pray not like the others."

.

"From the Master of Life descending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,

Come to warn you and instruct you,

How by struggle and by labor

You shall gain what you have prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Hiawatha was very weak and faint but he went out in the evening twilight and wrestled with Mondamin. When Mondamin touched him he felt stronger, and so they wrestled until the darkness fell around them and they could hear the screams of the wild fowl as they went hurrying to their nests in the marshes.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But tomorrow when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."

As he finished speaking he went into the forest and Hiawatha was left alone, wondering what it all meant.

He grew weaker than ever, but on the next

two days when Mondamin came in the evening he arose and wrestled with him. When they were through Hiawatha would fall half-dead upon his bed of leaves and lie there till Mondamin came again.

Three times Mondamin came in his beautiful green garments, with his golden hair, and wrestled with Hiawatha till the darkness came. On the third evening Mondamin was tired and warm, and stood wiping the sweat from his forehead.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have stoutly wrestled with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph !"

Then he smiled, and said, "To-morrow,
Is the last day of your conflict,

Is the last day of your fasting.
 You will conquer and o'ercome me ;
 Make a bed for me to lie in,
 Where the rain may fall upon me,
 Where the sun may come and warm me ;
 Strip these garments green and yellow,
 Strip this nodding plumage from me.
 Lay me in the earth, and make it
 Soft and loose and light above me.

Let no hand disturb my slumber,
 Let no weed or worm molest me,
 Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
 Come to haunt me and molest me,
 Only come yourself to watch me,
 Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
 Till I leap into the sunshine."

When he was gone Hiawatha lay down
 and slept peacefully. In his dreams he heard



the song of the night-birds, the murmur of the river, and the sighing of the tree-tops.

In the morning Nokomis came with food and begged him to eat. She was afraid he would fast too long and die, but he would not eat.

Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Nokomis took the food and went home, weeping bitterly.

All day Hiawatha sat in his wigwam waiting for Mondamin. He was very weak and weary. At last Mondamin came to the door and

beckoned. Hiawatha went and the strength came back to his weak hands and weary body. Again he wrestled as he had never wrestled before.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

Hiawatha made Mondamin's grave, as he had wished, where the rain and sunshine fell upon it, and then went home. But he did not forget or neglect the grave. He kept the earth loose and soft, pulled up all the weeds,

killed all the harmful insects and did not let the crows or ravens disturb it.

Till at length a small green feather,
 From the earth shot slowly upward,
 Then another and another,
 And before the summer ended
 Stood the maize in all its beauty,
 With its shining robes about it,
 And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
 And in rapture Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
 Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he ran and called Nokomis and Iagoo, and told them of all the strange things he had heard and seen while fasting in the forest. He told them how he had wrestled in the evenings with Mondamin and in proof of what

he said he showed them the maize growing above his grave.

In the autumn when the corn was ripe all the people had a feast and they husked the corn and stored it away for winter.

In this way the Great Spirit answered Hiawatha's prayers and gave this gift to the nations, which should be their food forever.

Long ago in those old days the Indian corn was called the "friend of man," and so it is yet one of the best friends man has.

The Master of Life sent this gift from heaven as a blessing to the people of Hiawatha.

re-a-lized, understood.
Mon-da'-min, the Indian corn.
plumage, plumes or feathers.
Kah-gah-gee', the raven.
des-o-late, lonely.
dis-hev-elled, disordered.
maize, the Indian corn.

CHIBIABOS^{AND} KWASIND



Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

These three were such good friends that no one could make trouble between them, no matter how much they tried.

For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving,
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Hiawatha loved Chibiabos best, he was so gentle and kind and beautiful. He was as brave as a man and gentle as a woman. He was a very good and noble man.

He made flutes from the reeds, which grew by the river side, and his music was so sweet and grand that the women stopped their work to listen to him and the warriors gathered round him, begging him to play again.

His music was so soft and low that the brook stopped its murmuring to listen to it and the birds and the wild animals were silent in wonder.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

.
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing,
Sang of death and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Although Hiawatha loved Chibiabos best
he was very fond of Kwasind, who was the

strongest of all the men on earth. Hiawatha loved him because he was so good.

When Kwasind was little he was not like other children. He never hunted or fished or played with the other boys of the village. But he fasted and prayed to the Great Spirit.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,
“In my work you never help me!”

She told him to go and wring her fish nets which hung outside of the wigwam, but when he tried to wring them he tore them and broke the cords, he was so strong. Because he did no work the people laughed at him and called him Yenadizze, the dandy.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,
“In the hunt you never help me.”

One day Kwasind's father took him with him when he went hunting. He said that if the boy could not hunt, he could at least carry the game for him. They went for a long distance till they came to a place where the great trees had fallen across the path in such a way that they could not pass.

“We must go back,” said the old man,
“O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!”

So he sat down on a log to smoke and rest awhile, but before he had smoked one pipe the path was cleared. Kwasind had piled the great trees upon each side of the path and left it free. They went on their way and spent the day in hunting.



KWASIND DIVES AFTER THE BEAVER.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:
“Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rocks behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!”

Kwasind made no answer, only turned around, lifted the great rock from the ground and hurled it into the river. In the summer time when the river is low you can still see the rock where he threw it.

One day, while he and some of his friends were in a canoe, he saw a beaver in the water. He jumped out of the canoe and chased the beaver to his home beneath the water.

Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions

Cried, "Alas ! good-bye to Kwasind !
We shall never more see Kwasind !"

After a long time he rose to the surface of
the river and brought with him the dead
beaver.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Chib-i-a'-bos, the musician, Hiawatha's friend.
Kwa'-sind, the very strong man.
pa-thos, sadness or tenderness.
Pone'-mah, the hereafter.
Yen-a-diz'-ze, a lazy gambler or dandy.
Se-bo-wish'-a, the brook.

HIAWATHA BUILDS A BOAT.



Hiawatha went into the forest and stripped the bark from the birch tree to make a boat. It was in the summer time and all the birds were singing gaily. The sun shone brightly on the water of the river and everything in nature was glad and beautiful.

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,

Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

When the birch tree heard him calling for
its white wrapper to make a canoe, it was sad
and all its branches gave a great sigh.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

He took his knife and cut through the bark, all around the tree just above the ground, and then made another deep ring around the tree just below the branches, and still another cut straight from the top to the bottom of the tree. Then he took a wedge and raised one edge of the bark and thus peeled off the bark in one sheet.

When he had finished he called to the cedar tree to give him some branches to make his canoe stronger.

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

He took the boughs of the cedar tree and made the frame-work of the boat and then put

the bark of the birch tree around it, but he saw that the water would come in at the cracks. So he took the tough, slender roots of the larch tree and sewed the strips of bark together; but still the water came in. Then he decided to take the sap of the fir tree and coat the seams with it to keep out the water. He asked the fir tree for some of its sap.

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

With the tears of the fir tree he covered the cracks of his boat and made it so tight and snug that not a drop of water could get in to wet him.

Now the canoe was done but Hiawatha thought it was not pretty enough. So he took the quills of the hedge hog, colored them in many different hues and then, making a long necklace, put it around the center of his boat. He made two beautiful stars of the many colored quills and put one on each side of the front. The boat was finished and very pretty it looked as it floated on the breast of the river.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;



And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

All the trees gave of their strength and usefulness to help Hiawatha build his boat. Some of them were sad and wept because they had to give up their branches or roots, but they loved him and did all they could to help him.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man Kwasind,
Saying " Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

When Kwasind heard Hiawatha call him he came at once and began to dive and bring out all the sunken logs and branches of trees. He

was so strong he did not get tired easily and they worked for a long time, Hiawatha guiding the canoe, and Kwasind swimming through the deep water and wading through the shallows. They made the river so clean and free from all things that a boat could sail from its source in the mountains to the bay through which it poured its water into the ocean

Clearing the river was a part of the work Mudjekeewis had told Hiawatha he must do in order to earn his reward.

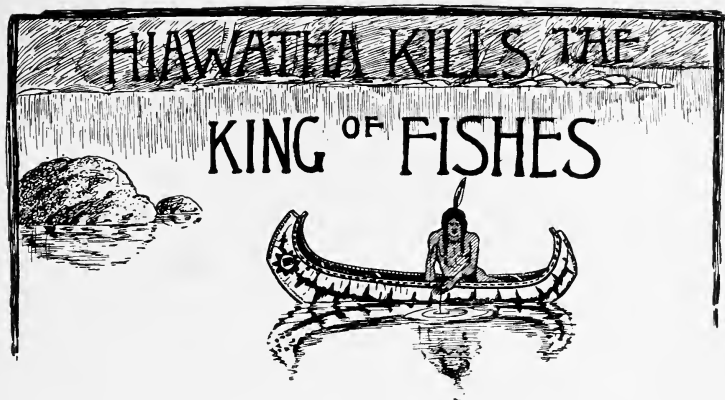
Chee-maun', a birch canoe.

re-sis-tance, to act against or to be opposed to.

som-bre, gloomy or grave.

sup-ple, easily bent.

sin-ews, muscles.



Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the still, clear water Hiawatha
could see the fishes, the sun-fish, the perch and

the craw-fish, swimming and playing at the bottom of the lake.

In the stern of the boat Hiawatha sat with his fishing-line and in the other end Adjidaumo, the squirrel, hopped about.

Mishe-Nahma, the king of fishes, lay on the glistening sand of the lake bottom, breathing the water through his great gills and beating the water with his tail.

He was very beautiful as he lay there, and very cruel also. He had plates of bone to protect his head and sharp spears on his back and shoulders. His body was covered with bright spots of the colors of the rainbow. He was lying there in the water resting when Hiawatha came sailing along.

“Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,

“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!”

Hiawatha dropped his fishing-line over the edge of the boat and the bait sank slowly into the water. He waited and when he found there was no jerk on the line he called again and asked Nahma to come and try his strength.

Nahma lay quietly on the sand and listened to Hiawatha as he called and shouted. At last he grew tired of the noise and told the pike to go and break the line and steal the bait.

When Hiawatha felt the line straighten and tighten he thought it was Nahma and pulled so hard that his canoe stood on end in the water like a log. But when he saw that it was only a pike he had caught he threw him back into the water in disgust.

Then he shouted and called again and Nahma sent the giant sun-fish to break the line. The sun-fish seized the line and swam round in circles till the boat whirled round like a top.

When Hiawatha saw it was only a sun-fish he mocked at it, and the sun-fish sank back to the bottom of the lake.

A third time he called to the sturgeon. Nahma was now angry and this time he decided to go up himself.

From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,

Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

In a moment Hiawatha was in the darkness of Nahma's stomach. He was dazed at first and then he felt the great heart of the sturgeon beating and, in his anger, he struck it with his fist. He was sick and weary but he struggled through the darkness and turned his canoe cross-wise so that it would keep him from being thrown out into the water of the lake, which Nahma was lashing with his tail. Adjidaumo stayed close to Hiawatha and helped him to turn the boat.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
“O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,



THE STURGEON SWALLOWS HIAWATHA.

And the name which now he gives you ;
 For hereafter and forever,
 Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
 Tail-in-air the boys shall call you ! ”

Meanwhile Hiawatha felt the sturgeon shiver
 and struggle and then lie still in the water.
 Slowly the great fish drifted toward the shore
 until his huge body grated on the sand and
 pebbles of the beach. Then Hiawatha knew
 he had killed Nahma, the king of fishes.

Presently he heard a great screaming and
 flapping of wings, and in a little while he saw
 a gleam of light come through an opening
 between the ribs of the great fish. The sea-
 gulls had torn away the flesh of Nahma and
 had eaten it. They were peering through the
 open place into his body and Hiawatha heard
 them talking.

Heard them saying to each other,
“ ’Tis our brother, Hiawatha ! ”

He called to them to make the holes larger
so that he could get out. The sea-gulls
worked very hard and Hiawatha at last stepped
from the body of the sturgeon.

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

He told her he had killed Mishe-Nahma,
the King of Fishes, and said she must not
drive the sea-gulls away till they had finished

their dinner because they had helped him so much. He told her to wait till they went to their nests in the marshes and then, bringing her pots and kettles, to make oil from the flesh to use in the winter. Nokomis waited till the moon, the Night-Sun, rose above the water and then she went to work.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
 And Nokomis to her labor,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,
 Till the sun and moon changed places,
 Till the sky was red with sun-rise,
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gull,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,

Till the waves washed through the rib-
bones,
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sand lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

Nah'-ma, the sturgeon; the King of Fishes.
Ad-jid-au'-mo, the squirrel.
Kay-oshk', the sea-gull.
Night-Sun, the moon.



In the evening, when the sun was setting
and all the sky burned and glowed like fire,
old Nokomis stood on the shore of the lake
and called Hiawatha to her.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
“ Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,

He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,

When he came on earth to seek me.
He the mightiest of Magicians.
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fenlands,
Sends disease and death among us!"

She told Hiawatha to take his bow and arrows, his war-club, his mittens and his canoe and go far to the westward and destroy this magician, who was so harmful to the people.

Hiawatha took some of the oil of Nahma and greased the sides of his canoe so that it would slip easily and quickly through the water and started to avenge the murder of his grandfather.

Straightway then my Hiawatha,
Armed himself with all his war-gear,

Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;
With his palms its sides he patted,
Said with glee, " Cheemaun, my darling,
O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water ! "

The canoe leaped forward almost as if it were alive and Hiawatha sang his war songs as the boat sped onward to the home of the great magician.

Soon he came to the place in the river where the great serpents lay coiled in the water. Fire seemed to flash from their eyes and their breath was like fiery fogs from the marshes. No one had ever been able to pass this place in the river, but Hiawatha was not afraid.

He called to the monsters to let him pass but they taunted him, called him Faint-Heart

and told him to go back to Nokomis or they would kill him.

Then Hiawatha took his bow and shot his arrows rapidly among them. Every time an arrow left the bow-string a serpent was killed.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
“ Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water ! ”

Again he oiled the sides of his boat so that it would pass more swiftly, and went on his journey.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,

Covered with the mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes.
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

The darkness of night had come on and Hiawatha was all alone upon the river, with the mosquitoes singing around him and the fire-flies waving their torches and trying to make him lose his way. The Shuh-shuh-gah called aloud from her nest in the marshes that Hiawatha was coming. He did not notice the cries of the wild fowl nor follow the fire-flies, but went straight toward the west, where the great Pearl-Feather lived.

At last, when the sun fell hot and burning
upon the water, Hiawatha saw the lodge of
Pearl-Feather on the shore before him.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod, landed Hiawatha.

As soon as he landed he took an arrow and
shot it at Pearl-Feather's wigwam, and called
to him.

"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Pearl-Feather came from his wigwam, dressed from head to foot in weapons of war. His war paint shone in the sun, and the eagle feathers in his hair streamed in the air. He was very proud and he scoffed at Hiawatha and told him to go back before he killed him as he had killed his grandfather.

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
“ Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings ! ”

Then began the greatest battle the sun had ever looked upon. Pearl-Feather and Hiawatha fought from sunrise till the evening darkness

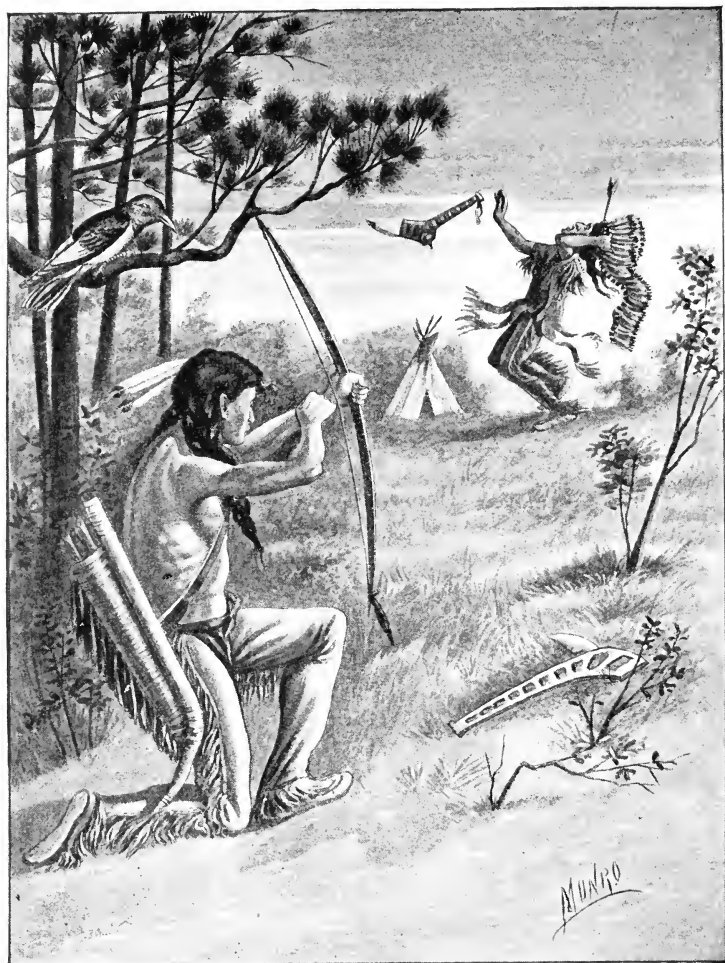
came. Pearl-Feather was unhurt, for Hiawatha's arrows could not pierce his magic shirt of wampum and his war-club fell harmless upon it. Hiawatha was weary and wounded in many places.

He was almost ready to give up when he heard a voice in the tree above him. It was Mama, the woodpecker, and he told Hiawatha to aim his arrows at the crown of Pearl-Feather's head for that was the only place on his body which could be harmed.

Hiawatha had only three arrows left but he did as Mama said; the first arrow struck and Pearl-Feather reeled and staggered. Swiftly he aimed his second arrow and it pierced deeper than the first. But it was his last arrow which flew the swiftest and pierced Pearl-Feather's brain so deep that he fell to the earth, dead.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine tree,
And in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama ;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Hiawatha took Pearl-Feather's shirt of wampum to show his people. He also took all the wampum, skins, furs and other valuable things he found in the wigwam and put them in his canoe. Then he sailed for home and left Pearl-Feather's body lying on the river bank.



On the shore stood old Nokomis,
 On the shore stood Chibiabos,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,
 Waiting for the hero's coming,
 Listening to his song of triumph,
 And the people of the village
 Welcomed him with songs and dances,
 Made a joyous feast and shouted :

“ Honor be to Hiawatha !
 He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
 Slain the mightiest of magicians,
 Him who sent the fiery fever,
 Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
 Sent disease and death among us ! ”

Ever dear to Hiawatha
 Was the memory of Mama !
 And in token of his friendship,
 As a mark of his remembrance,
 He adorned and decked his pipe-stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.

Hiawatha had killed the wicked magician who sent the fever from the marshes and the people were proud of him. He divided Pearl-Feather's wealth equally among the people.

Pearl-Feath-er, the wicked magician.
Ma'-ma, the woodpecker.
pes-ti-len-tial, carrying the plague or pestilence.
ex-hal-a-tions, vapors or fogs.



HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!”

Hiawatha was often thinking and dreaming of the beauty of the maiden whom he had seen in the land of the Dacotahs. He thought of her when he was at work and when he was resting. He seemed to hear her low, soft voice in the murmuring of the water when he was fishing, and in the sighing of the tree-tops when

he was hunting. He talked to old Nokomis and told her how beautiful and good Minnehaha was.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !”

Gravely then said old Nokomis :

“ Bring not here an idle maiden,
 Bring not here a useless woman,
 Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
 Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
 Heart and hand that move together,
 Feet that run on willing errands ! ”

Smiling answered Hiawatha :

“ In the land of the Dacotahs
 Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women.
 I will bring her to your wigwam,
 She shall run upon your errands,
 Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
 Be the sunlight of my people ! ”

Still dissuading said Nokomis :

“ Bring not to my lodge a stranger
 From the land of the Dacotahs !
 Very fierce are the Dacotahs,

Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:

"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Hiawatha loved Minnehaha and was determined to win her for his wife, and nothing old Nokomis said could make him change his mind. He put on his magic moccasins and, started for the land of the Dacotahs. But, although he could take a mile at each step, it seemed to him that he went very slowly.

At last he heard the sound of the waterfalls calling to him through the forest. At the

edge of the forest a herd of deer were feeding and Hiawatha killed the finest roebuck and took it with him on his shoulders.

When he reached the Arrow-maker's wigwam he paused at the doorway, till at last they bade him welcome.

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha ! ”

The wigwam was large and pretty. It was made of deerskin which had been bleached white and all the Gods of the Dacotahs were painted on it. Minnehaha left her work and



brought food and water for Hiawatha and her father. She listened while they talked but she did not speak herself. She heard Hiawatha tell of the two friends he loved best: Chibiabos, the musician, and the very strong man, Kwasind. Then he talked of old Nokomis and told how good and kind she was, how she had nursed him and cared for him when he was a baby and had advised him in his manhood. He also spoke of the happiness and plenty there was in the land of his people.

“ After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”
 Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly,
 “ That this peace may last forever,

And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women !”

The old man did not answer at once but sat and smoked his pipe in silence. He looked at Hiawatha and thought what a handsome young man he was and how proud he would be to call him son. He looked at Minnehaha — and thought only how much he loved her.

Then made answer very gravely :
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! ”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,

HIAWATHA.

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
“I will follow you, my husband!”

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

Hand in hand Hiawatha and Minnehaha
passed from the wigwam out into the forest.
The old man stood in the door and sadly
watched them out of sight, and the Falls of
Minnehaha seemed to call to them, “Fare thee
well, O Minnehaha!”

At last they were lost to view and the old
man went back to his arrows.

Murmuring to himself and saying :

“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us !
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger !”

The old Arrow-maker was very sad. Minnehaha was all he had to love and now that she was gone he must live and work alone.

The journey home seemed very pleasant to Hiawatha and Minnehaha ; he walked slowly so that she could keep up with him and he

carried her lightly over all the rivers and made the path clear and free for her.

The wind went frolicking and dancing past them and whispered pleasant things. The birds and the squirrels chattered and sang.

“Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!”

. . .

“Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!”

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, “O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!”

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,

Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was Hiawatha brought the loveliest
of all the Dacotah women, Minnehaha, Laugh-
ing Water, to his lodge to be the starlight,
moonlight, sunlight for his people.

But he had not brought an idle maiden; he
had brought one whose hands and feet and
heart were ready to run on errands of mercy
and journeys of love.

dis-suad-ing, advising or speaking against.
feuds, quarrels.

re-luc-tant, unwilling.

flaunt-ing, waving gaily.

im-pe-ri-ous, proud or commanding.



You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizzi
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He, the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He, the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.

Nokomis made a great feast in honor of Hiawatha's wedding and sent messengers through the village, carrying wands of willow, to invite everyone to the feast. Everything was now ready. Their bowls were made of basswood and their spoons were made out of buffalo horns, smoothed and polished till they fairly shone.

The people all put on their holiday clothes and looked very pretty in their many-colored paints, beads, belts of wampum and bright feathers. At the feast they had many kinds of fish, and wild fowl and the flesh of the deer and bison. They also had cakes made from the bruised grain of Mondamin, which were sweet and healthy.

Every one ate heartily except Hiawatha, Nokomis and Minnehaha; they waited on their guests and attended to all their needs.

When the feast was finished, old Nokomis took a pouch made of otter-skin and filled the men's pipes with tobacco and red willow bark so that they could smoke.

When they were all sitting about comfortably smoking, Nokomis asked Pau-Puk-Keewis to dance for them.

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

. . .

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
White and soft and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,



And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered,
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

His face was painted with red, yellow, blue
and vermillion; his hair was oiled and braided
with sweet-scented grasses like a woman's.

At first his dance was slow and solemn,
then he went faster and faster till the leaves
were caught up and carried with him and
the wind and dust swung in eddies around
him.

On the margin of the lake he danced the
many figures of the Beggar's Dance, and the
people were much pleased and praised him.

When Pau-Puk-Keewis had finished his

dance Nokomis asked Chibiabos to sing for them. So Chibiabos rose and, looking at Hiawatha and Minnehaha and nodding to them, he sang songs of love and longing, sang his softest, sweetest, gentlest love songs.

While Chibiabos was singing, Iagoo looked around and saw that the people were pleased with the music. He was jealous and was anxious to entertain them with one of his wonderful stories. As the guests were fond of the old man's stories, they asked him to tell one.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story

But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had ;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim as far as he could,
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller !

He told such wonderful stories that the people all jested about them and his name became a by-word in the village, so that whenever any

one told a big story about their hunting or fishing the people would point their finger and say, "Ah! it is Iagoo himself!" Nevertheless, everyone liked to hear his stories.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended."

This was one of Iagoo's most wonderful stories and the people of the village never, never grew tired of hearing it.



When the western sky was tinged with purple, gold and red, the wedding guests questioned and asked among themselves what caused the many colors. Some said it was the Red Swan floating down and tinging the sky with her blood. Some said it was the sun sinking into the water and staining the waves red with its fire, but Iagoo had another reason for the evening glory.

And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,

Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

“Once in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the dreamy, silent maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.”

All of her sisters married brave and haughty warriors, but she laughed and rejected all her lovers and then married Osseo, who was old and ugly and weak from coughing.

Osseo's body was bent with age and his face was sad and wrinkled.

“Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion !
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language !”

Although Osseo was old and ugly, Oweenee loved him because his heart was pure and noble. Her sisters and their handsome husbands laughed at her and taunted her about her ugly husband. Her former lovers, who had been rejected, followed her and pointed at her and scoffed at her, but she did not care ; she was happy with Osseo.

Once she and her sisters and their husbands



were going to a great feast. The others walked on rapidly and laughed and talked together, but Oweenee and Osseo walked slowly and in silence.

“At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman :
And they heard him murmur softly,
‘ Pity, pity me, my father ! ’ ”

When the others heard him praying to his father they laughed and said among themselves, what a pity it was that the old man did not stumble over a fallen tree and break his neck. But Oweenee did not mind their laughter. She kept close to the side of Osseo,

for she loved him. As they were passing through the forest they came to a huge hollow log, half buried in leaves and mosses.

When Osseo saw this log he gave a great shout that went echoing and ringing through the forest, and immediately jumped into one end of the hollow log. Soon some one came out at the other end, but what a change had taken place! At one end of the log an old man, wrinkled and ugly, had gone in; from the other end walked a young man, straight and tall and handsome as the early morning.

But Osseo was not the only one who was changed. Poor Oweenee! When Osseo became a handsome young man she became a wrinkled old woman.

When her sisters saw her old and feeble, tottering along with her staff, they laughed louder than ever. But Osseo did not leave her.

He walked very slowly so she could keep up with him, and took her poor wrinkled hand in his and helped her along. He spoke soft words of love to her and called her his sweetheart. Ah, truly these two loved each other! It made no difference to either whether the other was old or ugly, their love remained the same.

When they reached the lodge of feasting, Osseo sat silent and dreaming while all the others were gay and happy. He sat and looked sadly at Oweenee and then up at the gleaming sky.

“ Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender,
And the voice said : ‘ O Osseo !

O my son, my best beloved!

Broken are the spells that bound you,

All the charms of the magicians,

All the magic powers of evil;

Come to me, ascend, Osseo!

‘Taste the food that stands before you;

It is blessed and enchanted,

It has magic virtues in it,

It will change you to a spirit.

All your bowls and all your kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer;

But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver;

They shall shine like shells of scarlet,

Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

And the women shall no longer

Bear the dreary doom of labor,

But be changed to birds, and glisten

With the beauty of the starlight,

Painted with the dusky splendors
Of the skies and clouds of evening! ’ ’

No one but Osseo heard the voice, but the wigwam began to shake and tremble and arose above the tree-tops. Osseo looked around and saw the sisters of his wife and their husbands changed to different kinds of birds.

“ Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.

Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments

Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather!"

The wigwam shook again and moved
upward till it stopped at the portals of the
Evening Star, and Osseo's father came out to
welcome him.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome
Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'
"At the door he hung the bird-cage,

And they entered in and gladly
 Listened to Osseo's father,
 Ruler of the Star of Evening,
 " As he said: ' O my Osseo !
 I have had compassion on you,
 Given you back your youth and beauty,
 Into birds of various plumage
 Changed your sisters and their husbands ;
 Changed them thus because they mocked you
 In the figure of the old man,
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
 Could not see your heart of passion,
 Could not see your youth immortal ;
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,
 Saw your naked heart and loved you.' "

For many years Osseo and Oweenee lived
 in the land of the peaceful Evening Star.
 But one day Osseo let the birds, his former

aunts and uncles, from the cage for his little son to shoot at with his bow and arrows.

“ Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom ;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor ;
With the fluttering of their plumage ;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And, a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

“ But, O wondrous transformation !
'Twas no bird he saw before him,
'Twas a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom !

No sooner was she wounded than Osseo's

son felt himself descending slowly from the Evening Star to the earth.

“Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water!”

All the birds followed him, and at last the wigwam with the silver poles also sank upon the island, bringing with it Osseo and Oweenee.

“Then the birds, . . .
Reassumed the shape of mortals.
Took their shape, but not their stature,
They remained as Little People,
Like the Pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together,

On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

“ Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight ! ”

When Iagoo finished his story, Chibiabos
sang another song and the wedding feast was
over.

Such was Hiawatha's wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos :
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed.

Puk-Wudj'-ies, little wild men of the woods, pygmies.
O-wee-nee', wife of Osseo.



In the land of the Ojibways everything was now peaceful and pleasant. Nokomis had objected to Hiawatha wedding a strange maiden lest she should be idle and lazy. She found, however, that Minnehaha's fingers were skilful and quick, that she was kind and gentle ; so Nokomis now loved her almost as much as she did Hiawatha.

There was no fear of war anywhere and all the village was happy and gay.

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,

Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations ;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'Twas the women who in Springtime
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;

'Twas the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Hiawatha was always thinking of some way to help his people, so he decided to have Minnehaha bless the cornfields. He told his wife, the Laughing Water, that when the darkness fell on all the earth she should go alone and walk around the cornfields. That she should draw a magic circle around them with her footsteps, which would protect them from all harm.

“ Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,
And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle !”

When the ravens, crows and blue-jays heard
Hiawatha speak these words to Minnehaha
they laughed in great glee. They did not
believe that the circle made by Minnehaha's
footsteps could harm them or keep them out
of the cornfields.

When the darkness of midnight came
Minnehaha arose from her bed, laid aside her
garments, and walking softly and silently drew
the magic circle of her footprints around the
great, broad cornfields.

On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

“We will drag Mondamin,” said they,
“From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred foot-prints,
Minnehaha stamps upon it!”

But Hiawatha had heard them talking and laughing the day before, and he was prepared for them. He had said to himself, “I will teach you ravens a lesson you will not soon forget.”

He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o’er all the cornfields
Snares to catch the black marauders,

And was lying now in ambush,
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

So skilfully had Hiawatha laid his snares that they did not see them. They came with a great noise and settled on the cornfields and began to dig Mondamin from his grave. Then their claws became tangled in the nets and Hiawatha came from his hiding place and killed them in great numbers, and hung their dead bodies up on poles as a warning to all others. He did not kill Kahgahgee, the King of the Ravens, but took him home and tied him with a cord of elm bark to his lodge-pole.

“Kahgahgee, my raven!” said he,
“You the leader of the robbers,

You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!"

All summer the South-Wind blew over the cornfields, rustled the long green leaves, kissed the ripening ears and brought soft, warm showers to make Mondamin grow and ripen.

At last the summer passed and the corn, in all its stately beauty, with its waving tassels and yellow ears, stood waiting for the coming of the young men and women to gather it for their winter food and feasting.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake and said to Minnehaha:

“’Tis the moon when leaves are falling ;
All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready ;
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow !”

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize ear.

While the women and the young men
worked in the cornfields, the warriors and the
old men sat under the trees, at the edge of the
forest, and smoked their pipes.

Among the young folks there was much

laughing and singing, for this was one of the pleasant times of the year, so they were all very happy at their work. Whenever a young girl found a blood red ear of corn they all laughed and shouted:—

“Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!”
“Ugh!” the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine trees.

Whenever a youth or a maiden found an ear that was crooked or covered with mildew, they said it was an old man and they all bent over and walked as if they were very old. They were all very merry at their work and when Kahgahgee heard them laughing and shouting he was so angry that he trembled and shook

and pulled on his cord of elm bark, but he could not get away.

So, with much joy and laughter, Mondamin was gathered and stored away for the cruel winter.

un-mo-lested, not bothered or disturbed.
clam-or-ous, noisy.
mar-au-ders, thieves or plunderers.
am-bush, in hiding.
hos-tage, a pledge.
Nush'-ka, look! an exclamation.



In those days said Hiawatha,
“ Lo ! how all things fade and perish !
From the memory of the old men,
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters.

“ Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be !

“ On the grave-posts of our fathers

Are no signs, no figures painted ;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

.

“ Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off ;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others.”

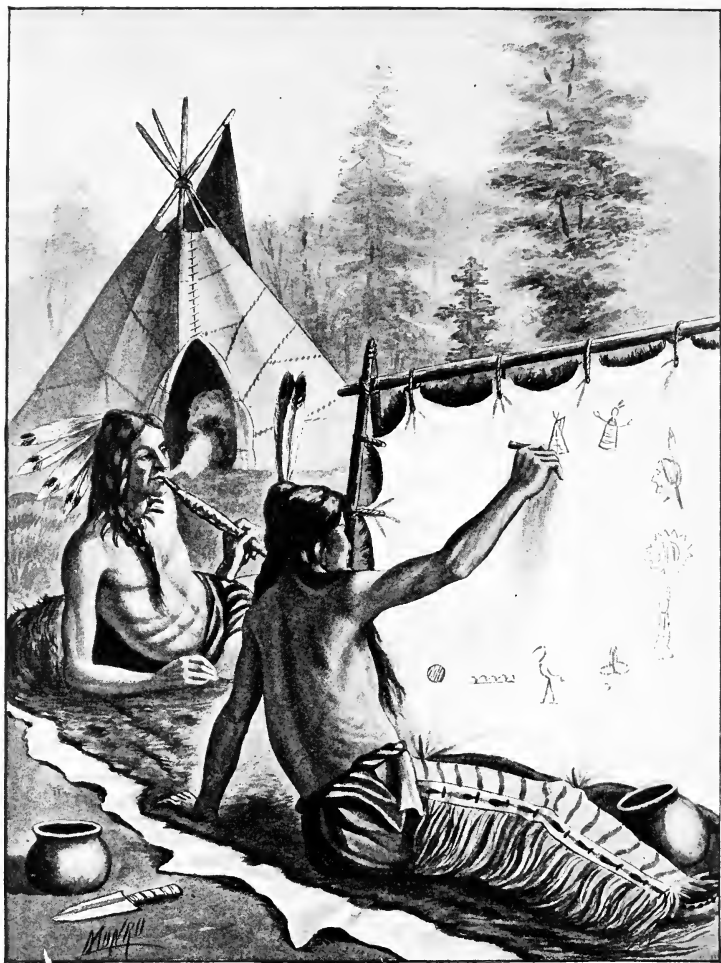
Hiawatha thought of these things as he went alone through the forest or sailed far out on the shining water of the lake. At last he began to make pictures of the different things he thought of, and as he worked he became deeply interested.

He drew a sign for the good spirit and
another for the evil spirit.

Life and death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened ;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

He drew a straight line for the earth, then
put a curved line above it for the sky. Day
was represented with the sky white and for
night the sky was filled with little stars. Rain
or storm was shown by waving lines extend-
ing from the sky to the earth.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling ;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted



Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

He thought and worked until he had a great many pictures and signs with which he could write whole messages and histories. Then he showed his picture writing to the people and told them to go and paint the grave-posts so that they could tell who was buried there. They placed on each post certain signs and pictures which told all the history of the dead, all their great feats in hunting, fishing and warfare.

Every one was pleased with the picture-writing and learned it, and so it came about that they could now send messages without the carrier knowing what was in them. They could mark the graves so they knew what friend or relative rested within them. But above all, they were able to preserve the history of their

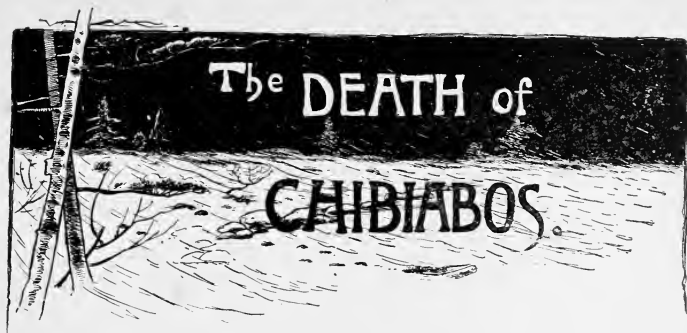
people and keep a record of their deeds of skill and daring.

The smooth surface of the birch bark was excellent for their writing, but much better still was the soft, smooth doe-skin when it was tanned and bleached white.

From these picture writings the white men afterwards learned much of the Indian ways of living, of their warfare and religion.

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

a-chieve-ments, actions or performances.
gen-er-a-tions, races of an age or family.
per-vert, change the meaning of.
sym-bol, a sign or emblem.



The Evil Spirits grew jealous of Hiawatha's wisdom and goodness and also of his love and friendship for Chibiabos. They held a council and decided to destroy both Hiawatha and Chibiabos, if it was possible.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
“O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!”
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and childlike,



“Do not fear for me, O brother!

Harm and evil come not near me!”

One day in winter, when the Big-Sea-Water was covered with ice, and the sifting snow-flakes fell to the earth and covered the carpet of oak leaves in the forest, Chibiabos went deer hunting. The frightened deer sprang away from him on to the treacherous ice, but Chibiabos, filled with the fever of the hunt, followed rapidly.

The Evil Spirits were beneath the ice in the sand of the lake's bottom lying in wait for Chibiabos, and when he came bounding along, they broke the ice under his feet and dragged him down into the deep abysses of the lake, and buried his body deep in the sand and mud at the bottom.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies,
And the thunder in the distance,
Woke and answered " Baim-wawa ! "

Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of sorrow : —
" He is dead, the sweet musician !

.
O my brother, Chibiabos ! "

The fir-trees waved their branches and
sighed and moaned in sympathy with Hia-
watha, for they, with all other things in nature,

loved Chibiabos and were grieved and sad because of his death.

When Spring came all the buds and flowers waited and listened in vain for his coming. The brook was too sad to sing on its way, but went sighing among the rushes and through the meadows.

All things called to him and waited, but he did not come. He did not hear nor answer, for their voices could not reach him in his bed among the slime and rushes in the bottom of the lake.

And at night through all the forest,
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawonaissa.
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !
He is dead, the sweet musician !
He the sweetest of all singers !”

Hiawatha still sat mourning in his wigwam. The medicine men, the Medas, the magicians, and the prophets built a sacred lodge and decided to take Hiawatha to it and there charm away his grief and sadness.

They formed in line and marched to his wigwam, silently and gravely. Each carried his deer-skin pouch filled with herbs and roots gathered from the forest.

When he heard their steps approaching,
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos ;
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,
But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors
Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

When the medicine men reached the sacred Wigwam they gave Hiawatha a drink made from many strange juices and powders.

They beat their drums, waved their medicine pouches, danced and chanted wild weird songs to him, till at last his sadness was all gone and he was like himself once more.

Then they summoned Chibiabos
 From his grave beneath the waters,
 From the sands of Gitchee Gumee
 Summoned Hiawatha's brother.
 And so mighty was the the magic
 Of that cry and invocation,
 That he heard it as he lay there
 Underneath the Big-Sea Water ;
 From the sands he rose and listened,
 Heard the music and the singing,

Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

The Medas and the magicians made Chibia-
bos ruler over all the Spirits. They gave him
a coal and a firebrand and told him to kindle
fires along the path from earth to heaven, so
that the spirits of the dead might stop and
camp beside them through the night. Then
their journey would not be so hard and lonely
to the kingdom of Ponemah, to the land of the
Hereafter, for they would have fires to light
them on their way.

From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos !

Where he passed through the forest the branches did not move, and where he stepped the grass blades did not bend and the fallen leaves made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four long days he travelled along the dead man's pathway. He crossed the melancholy river on the swinging log and when he came to the Silver Lake, he was carried across in the Stone Canoe to the Islands of the Blessed where the ghosts and shadows lived.

While on his journey he passed many spirits, weary with the burden of the many things their friends had given them to carry with them.

“Ah! why do the living,” said they
“Lay such heavy burdens on us!
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,

Than to bear such heavy burdens,
On our long and weary journey !”

The songs, charms and dances had been
effective, so Hiawatha mourned no more.

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples,
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals,
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

Unk-ta-hee', the God of Water.
a-byss-es, bottomless caves or gulfs.
la-men-ta-tion, an expression of sorrow.
Baim-wa'-wa, the sound of the thunder.
Wa-wo-na-is'sa, the whippoorwill.
Me'-das, medicine men.
an-ti-dotes, cures or remedies.



You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance ;
You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wonderful transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

On the shore of the shining Big-Sea-Water
Pau-Puk-Keewis had built his lodge among the

sand dunes. He was always searching for new adventures and he came rushing into the village one day and found all the young men gathered in Iagoo's wigwam, listening to one of his wonderful stories.

“Hark ye!” shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis,
As he entered at the doorway;
“I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom,
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking.”

As he spoke he took from his deer-skin pouch the game of Bowl and Counters, which he played with great skill, but which was new to the others. The bowl was made of wood but the thirteen counters were made of differ-

ent materials; some of wood, some of horn and some of brass polished on one side and painted on the other.

He put the thirteen pieces in the bowl, then threw them on the ground, and explained the game to all the young men and to old Iagoo, who was as deeply interested as any one. As Pau-Puk-Keewis explained it to them it seemed very easy, and twenty pairs of eyes watched him eagerly and twenty young men were anxious to play with him.

“ Many games,” said old Iagoo,
“ Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers ;
Though you think yourself so skilful

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters !”

Iagoo was always boastful and would insist that no one could beat him at any game or in anything at all. So, although he knew nothing about this game, he boasted that he could beat Pau-Puk-Keewis and even give him lessons !

They began to play and all through the night they sat and played, until the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis had won all their deerskins, robes of ermine, belts of wampum, crests of feathers, weapons, pipes and everything they had of any value.

The eyes of the young men glared at him like the eyes of hungry wolves but he did not care.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :

“ In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer,
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
In a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder ! ”
'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,
'Twas a nephew of Iagoo ;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
“ Ugh ! ” he answered very fiercely ;
“ Ugh ! ” they answered all and each one.

Iagoo clutched the bowl in his long bony fingers, shook it fiercely and threw the pieces on the smooth floor. The pieces counted only five! Pau-Puk-Keewis smilingly took the bowl and tossed the pieces into the air. He counted the pieces, saying "Five tens! mine the game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
"Carry," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,

“To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wujoo!”

Pau-Puk-Keewis stepped through the doorway and left the angry men alone. Old Iagoo was very angry for two reasons; he had to acknowledge that he had been beaten, and that by the idle, worthless Pau-Puk-Keewis, and because he had wagered Face-in-a-Mist and had lost him. He was very fond of the boy, who was a great help to him. He had been doing many things for Iagoo that he would now have to do for himself. They all sat in silence staring sullenly at the ground.

When Pau-Puk-Keewis went out into the pleasant summer morning the cool air refreshed him and his heart beat high in triumph. He felt so happy and gay that it made him reckless. He went on till he came to Hia-

watha's wigwam, which was the last one in the village.

No one was there to bid him welcome, only the King of Ravens screamed from his perch on the lodge pole. Pau-Puk-Keewis was out for mischief and, being bent on mischief, he laughed and muttered to himself:—

“Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!”

Then he seized the raven by its head and swung it round until its neck was broken. He hung its dead body to the ridge-pole as a taunt and insult to Hiawatha.

Stealthily he entered and tossed everything in a heap, buffalo robes, dresses and kettles in

the middle of the wigwam as a taunt to old Nokomis and Minnehaha. He had now done all the mischief he could in the village so he went off into the forest.

He whistled to the squirrels, who replied by dropping acorn-shells on his head. He sang to the wild birds and they answered with a song merrier than his own. Then he climbed to the highest part of the headlands which overlooked the shore of the lake and waited for Hiawatha to come home. He laughed to himself when he thought how angry Hiawatha would be. But he was not afraid for he thought he was too far away for Hiawatha to harm him.

As he lay there, stretched upon his back, looking at the sky above him, he could hear the splashing of the waves as they broke against the shore. The birds, Hiawatha's chickens,



fluttered and hopped about him so close that
their wings almost brushed his face.

And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,
Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted " It is Pau-Puk-Keewis !
He is slaying us by hundreds !
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha ! "

trans-mi-gra-tions, changing from one body to another.
Na'-gow Wu'd-joo, the sand dunes of Lake Superior.
Me-shin-au'-wa, a pipe bearer.
ugh, an exclamation, yes.
dis-turb-ance, confusion or tumult.



Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming like a hornet.
“I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!” said he,
“Not so long and wide the world is,

Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him ! ”

Hiawatha called all the hunters together and they started to search for the cunning gambler who had done so much harm in the village. They searched through the forests and to the headlands but they found only the foot-prints of Pau-Puk-Keewis and the bed of leaves and branches where he had rested.

Far below in the meadow they caught sight of him, but he only turned round and made a gesture of contempt and defiance at them. Hiawatha cried out to him that he would pursue him through the whole world and punish him for the trouble he had made for the people.

Then the chase commenced in good earnest. Pau-Puk-Keewis could run as lightly and

swiftly as an antelope and he bounded over meadows, hills, rivers, and streams followed by Hiawatha and his hunters. At length he came to a stream in the middle of the forest where the beavers had built a dam across the quiet water.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:
"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water ;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges ;
Change me, too, into a beaver !"

Pau-Puk-Keewis was a great flatterer and he thought the beaver would do as he wished at

once. The beaver, however, was cautious and said he would have to ask the others about it. He sank down to the bottom of the pond and left Pau-Puk-Keewis standing on the dam alone.

Presently the beavers began to come to the surface of the water by tens and twenties until the whole pond was covered with their dark heads.

They rested there in the water and waited for Pau-Puk-Keewis to speak and tell them what he wanted.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise :
“ Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends ! and safe from danger.
Can you not with all your cunning,
Change me, too, into a beaver ? ”

“ Yes ! ” replied Ahmeek, the beaver,

He, the king of all the beavers,
“ Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water.”

Pau-Puk-Keewis slipped from the dam into the water and was at once changed into a beaver, but he was so vain that he was never satisfied and now wished to be the largest beaver so that he could be king of them all.

So they made him ten times larger than the others and said he should be their ruler. He was greatly pleased and sat in state among them, when all at once the sentinel came from the dam full of excitement, saying, “ Here is Hiawatha! Hiawatha with his hunters!”

They heard shouts and cries above them and then a great crash as the hunters sprang upon the dam, which kept back the water, and tore it away. The water now quickly drained

from the pond into the stream and left the beaver houses uncovered. All the beavers hurried to their holes in the bank to hide from the hunters. But alas! poor Pau-Puk-Keewis, in his vanity, had been made so large that he could not get into any of the holes! He stood there with his head hidden and his body in plain view.

The hunters beat him until his skull was broken and he, the king of beavers, lay dead before them. He was so large that it took six strong hunters to carry him home.

Pau-Puk-Keewis' soul could not be killed, however, unless it and his human body were destroyed together, so, though they had killed the beaver body, his soul still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove and struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deerskin,
When the wintry wind is blowing ;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.

Hiawatha saw the figure just as it was gliding into the forest and he quickly pursued it. Over many miles of marsh and meadow Pau-Puk-Keewis ran followed by Hiawatha. On the shore of a lake Pau-Puk-Keewis paused and called to a water-bird, the brant, which was sailing about among the reeds and water-lilies, to change him into a brant also. But as usual he wanted to be bigger than any of the others.

Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor.

. . .
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis :
“ In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
Lest some great mishap befall you ! ”

The whole flock rose and flew for many days
far to the northland. They fed on the insects
and water bugs they found in the rivers and

lakes and slept at night among the reeds and rushes of some marsh or stream.

One day, as they were flying along, they heard a great sound of voices in a village beneath them. The brants kept their heads up and their necks stretched out in front, but Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the voices of Hiawatha and old Iagoo and he forgot the brant's words of caution and looked down. Immediately he lost his balance and went whirling down, down, down to the village below.

He heard the brants screaming above, the people laughing and shouting below, and with a crash he struck the earth and lay helpless, with broken wings.

But his soul or spirit again took the human form of Pau-Puk-Keewis and went rushing through the forest, followed by Hiawatha, who would have caught him had he not changed

himself into a serpent and glided under the roots of a tree. Again he rushed forward in his own form. Far to the westward they fled, the pursued and the pursuer, until they came to the Great Pictured rocks of sandstone in the mountains. The Old Man of the Mountain opened the rocky doorway and Pau-Puk-Keewis entered and the door closed behind him.

When Hiawatha found the doors closed against him he cried out to the Old Man of the Mountain, but the doors would not open. He beat against the rocks with his magic mittens but he could not move them. Then he raised his hands to heaven and called on Gitche Manito to send the storm, the thunder and the lightning and break the great rocks asunder.

Gitche Manito heard and answered his prayer. And when Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the

sound of the thunder and felt the earth shake
he was very badly frightened and crouched
down and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"
And the crags fell and beneath them,
Dead among the rocky ruins,
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

. . .

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter,
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles.
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's Chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers
And among the story-tellers;
And in winter, when the snowflakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult,
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,

“There,” they cry, “Comes Pau-Puk-Keewis:
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!”

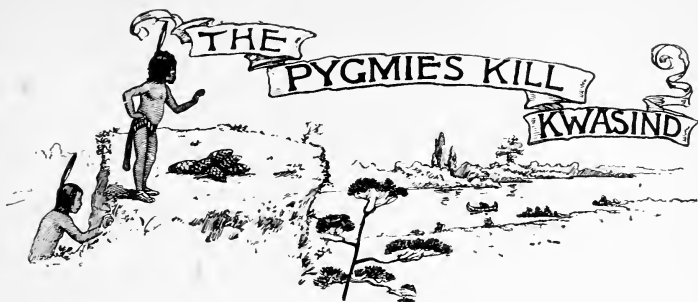
mis-de-mean-'ors, many kinds of bad conduct.

Ah-meek', the beaver.

pin-ions, wings.

Ke-neu', the great war-eagle.

Pictured Rocks, rocks on the shore of Lake Superior worn
into queer shapes by the waves, with portions of their
surface colored with bright hues.



Far and near the fame of Kwasind spread through all the nations. No one dared to strive or contend with him in wrestling or other sports because he was the strongest of all the men.

The Puk-Wudjies, the Little People, were very jealous and angry on account of the honor paid to Kwasind and they plotted together to kill him.

“If this hateful Kwasind,” said they,
“If this great outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,

Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?"

These envious, wicked little pygmies were afraid people would think more of Kwasind than they did of them, so they decided to kill him. Kwasind's great strength was in the crown of his head and there only could he be wounded. But no ordinary weapon or club could harm him even on the crown of his head; only the seed-cone of the pine tree had power to wound or kill him.

No living man knew this secret, but the cunning Little People found it out in some way, and they gathered a great pile of fir cones to have when they needed them.

One summer afternoon Kwasind came floating down the river in his canoe. The air was hot and still, the water murmured to him, and the sound of the birds singing in the forest came softly to him. Soon he was fast asleep and his canoe drifted toward a place where the rocks reached far out over the river.

On these rocks the Pygmies stood waiting with their fir cones.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,
 Hurling the pine-cones down upon him,
 Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
 "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
 War-cry of the Little People."

He swayed and staggered, and at last fell from the canoe and sank beneath the waters. His canoe, bottom side up, drifted down the



river, and nothing more was ever heard or seen of Kwasind.

The cruel Pygmies knew the cause of his death, but they kept the secret well.

But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest,
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
And the branches, tossed and troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
“Kwasind!” cried they; “that is Kwasind!
He is gathering in his firewood!”

Puk-Wudj'-ies, little wild men of the forest or the pygmies.

HIAWATHA'S VISITORS.

It is never one vulture alone that falls upon
the dead or wounded bison or deer and rends
its flesh ; never one lonely wolf that pursues
the famished reindeer through the forest ; nor
only one raven that digs the young corn from
its bed in the springtime.

So disasters come not singly ;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions.
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

The winds of winter had swept over the lakes and rivers and covered them with ice almost as hard as stone ; they had spread the snow-flakes over the plains and forests till not a space of brown earth or leaves could be seen. The hunters now went daily through the forest on their snow-shoes ; the women pounded maize-grains and dressed the skins the hunters brought ; the young men played ball on the river and danced the snow-shoe dance on the plains ; but the winds blew colder and colder, the ice froze thicker and thicker, and the snow fell deeper and deeper.

Such a winter had never been known in the history of the people.

One dark evening after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting

For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the firelight,
Painting them with streaks of crimson ;
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water ;
And behind them crouched their shadows,
In the corner of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

While they waited for Hiawatha, the curtain of the doorway was slowly lifted. Two women entered and, without a word, passed to the farthest corner of the wigwam and sat down among the shadows. They were strangers to the village, with a different kind of dress and

bearing. They looked worn and weary as if from a long journey; so Nokomis and Minnehaha did not question them, but left them in peace and quiet.

When Hiawatha came he brought a red deer on his shoulders, and threw it down in front of Minnehaha, just as he had done on that day long ago at the doorway of her father's wigwam. Minnehaha could not help looking up with loving eyes and thinking how handsome he looked in the light of the flickering fire.

When Hiawatha saw the figures in the corner he, also, did not question them, only spoke to them to bid them welcome to his home.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,



LET THEM EAT FOR THEY ARE FAMISHED.

Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roe-buck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha ;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam,
 Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water,
Not a change came o'er their features,
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, " They are famished ;
Let them do what best delights them ;
Let them eat for they are famished."

For many days and nights these strange
visitors stayed in their corner of the wigwam,

silent and gloomy; but at night, pleasant or stormy, they went out and brought fire-wood from the forest. Each evening when supper was ready they rushed from their seats and snatched the choicest food. Never once did Hiawatha, Nokomis or Minnehaha rebuke them for their actions, for they believed that the rights of guests and strangers were sacred.

One night Hiawatha heard them moaning and weeping, and saw them rocking themselves to and fro in the moonlight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the moonlight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
And they said, with gentle voices :
“We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.”

They told Hiawatha that the moans and
sorrowful cries of the living reached them in
the land of Ponemah and disturbed them so
they could not rest. They also said their
friends gave them too many things to carry to
the land of spirits.

“Four days is the spirit’s journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments,
Four times must their fires be lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not grope about in darkness.

“Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble;
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle.”

When they finished speaking, the wigwam was filled with darkness, and only a slight rustling of the curtains at the doorway told that the silent, ghostly visitors had passed out on their journey to the Islands of the

Blessed. Hiawatha was left alone, but he did not forget his visitors nor the words of warning they had spoken. He thought of them much and often wondered what the greater trial they spoke of would be.

THE FAMINE AND THE FEVER.

O, the long and dreary winter !
O, the cold and dreary Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

The wigwams were almost buried in the deep snow which surrounded them, and it was almost impossible to hunt even on snow-shoes, because the snow had drifted so badly. When the hunters ventured into the forest, where they struggled wearily through the great

drifts, they found neither bird nor animal,—no, not even the foot-prints of an animal.

The fierce and cruel Kabibonokka, the north wind, shrieked and screamed in savage joy as the supply of food grew less and less. The hearts of the people were sad and weary; their minds were full of fear, and even the air seemed dark and heavy with the shadows of hunger and death.

Not only had the people the cold to fear, a cold which chilled and froze them to the bone, but a fever had now come among them—a fever which stung and burned with its fierceness. Thus through the village, hand in hand, walked the fever and the famine, and who ever they looked upon, shivered, burned and died.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!

O the blasting of the fever !

O the wailing of the children !

O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

At the door of Hiawatha's wigwam the
famine and the fever paused — and entered.
Silent as the dead, they sat and glared at the
lovely, gentle Laughing Water.

And the foremost said ; “ Behold me !
I am Famine, Buka-dawin ! ”
And the other said ; “ Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahko-sewin ! ”

As they spoke and glared upon her with
their cruel, burning eyes she shivered and cov-

ered her face with her hands; and as they continued to glare at her, she lay down on her bed and hid herself under the skins. Her flesh was hot and burning and her blood seemed to be on fire.

When Hiawatha saw that the famine and the fever had laid their deadly hands upon his lovely Minnehaha, he was filled with such sorrow that his face became hard, and his brow was covered with the sweat of anguish. He rushed into the forest to see if he might not find some food, some bird or animal, however small, that would save his dear one's life.

“Gitche-Manito, the Mighty!”

Cried he with his face uplifted

In that bitter hour of anguish,

“Give your children food, O father!

Give us food or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha !”

His voice went echoing through the deserted forest, but the only answer he received was the far-off echoes calling back, “ Minnehaha ! Minnehaha ! ”

All day long Hiawatha wandered through the vast forest, stumbled o’er the snow-drifts in a vain search for game that was not there. He could not help thinking of the summer day when he and the happy Laughing Water came through these same woods on their journey home. Now, how all was changed !

But while Hiawatha was vainly searching for some food, his dying Minnehaha lay on her couch in the dread grasp of the famine and the fever.

“Hark!” she said, “I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to me from a distance!”
 “No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
 “’Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!”
 “Look!” she said; “I see my father
 Standing lonely at his doorway,
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam
 In the land of the Dacotahs!”
 “No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
 “’Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!”
 “Ah!” she said, “the eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon me in the darkness,
 I can feel his icy fingers
 Clasp mine amid the darkness!
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

The power of that wail of anguish was so



"LOOK," SHE SAID, "I SEE MY FATHER."

great that even though he was miles away in the forest, Hiawatha heard it and hastened homeward. When he reached his doorway he heard Nokomis weeping and wailing : —

“Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !

Would that I had perished for you,

Would that I were dead as you are !

Wahonomin ! Wahonomin ! ”

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then, still and speechless, he sat on the bed and looked at Minnehaha, his Laughing Water, whose sweet face would never smile again to greet him, whose eyes would never dance and glisten with the pleasure of his coming. Never more would her nimble fingers dress the skins and plant Mondamin, never more her feet run on willing, loving errands, nor her welcome call ring through the forest.

For seven long days and nights he sat there; sat and looked at the still, dead face before him.

Then the people silently made a grave in the deep cold snow. They robed Minnehaha in her richest garments, wrapped her cloak of ermine around her, and reverently laid her in her white couch of snow, under the moaning trees of the dark forest. No birds sang or squirrels chattered,—only Kabibonkka shrieked among the pine-trees.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.

Hiawatha watched the fire carefully that it
might not die out and leave her soul in dark-
ness on her journey.

“Farewell !” said he, “ Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,

Soon your footsteps I shall follow,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !”

Bu-ka-da-win, the famine.

Ah-ko-sewin, the fever.

Wa-ho-no-min, a cry of grief or sorrow.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN.

The long, cruel winter at last passed, and with it the hunger and the sickness. All the birds and wild fowl now hastened back to the Northland in such large flocks that when they passed before the sun they even seemed to hide his brightness from the earth.

Thus it was that in the Northland
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Everywhere the barren meadows gleamed with their wealth of wild flowers, and the robin,

the blue bird and the pigeon again called lovingly to their mates among the singing branches.

They also called and sang to their brother, Hiawatha; and at last he came and stood in the doorway of his wigwam, looked at the beauty of earth and sky, heard the happy songs of wild birds, and his heavy heart was lightened.

During the winter old Iagoo had gone far to the eastward in search of new adventures. When he returned in the spring the people all gathered round him to listen to his marvelous stories and adventures. He said he had seen a body of water bigger than the Big Sea-Water and that it was so bitter no man could drink it. Over this water, he said, came a great canoe with wings, which was larger than all their canoes put together and

taller than the trees. The people who came in this great canoe, he told them, had their faces painted white and their chins were covered with hair!

The story he told appeared so marvelous that the men and warriors and even the women laughed and jeered at him.

“Kaw!” they said, “what lies you tell us!

Do not think that we believe them!”

Only Hiawatha did not laugh with the rest; he stood grave and silent until they were quiet again.

“True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,

Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel,
From the region of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun."

Then Hiawatha spoke earnestly and wisely
to his people and advised them to greet this
strange race of men as their brothers and follow
the teachings of Gitche Manito who had
sent those white people here.

Speaking of the future, he said —
" I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,

Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
 In the woodlands rang their axes,
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
 Over all the lakes and rivers
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
 " Then a darker, a drearier vision
 Passed before me, vague and cloudlike
 I beheld our nation scattered,
 All forgetful of my counsels,
 Weakened, warring with each other !
 Saw the remnants of our people
 Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
 Like the withered leaves of Autumn ! "

And so Hiawatha foretold to his people the
 time when the white men would become so
 numerous that they would crowd the Indians

farther and farther to the west,—until at last through wars among themselves and against the white men all the Indian nations would be destroyed.

The big body of water Iagoo told about was the Atlantic ocean, and the great canoe was possibly one of the ships from England which brought the early New England settlers.

HIAWATHA CLAIMS HIS KINGDOM.

Again the Big Sea-Water sparkled and gleamed in the summer sunshine. All the air was full of the scent of flowers and the song of birds. The bees hummed merrily as they flitted from flower to flower, gathering food for the coming winter.

Alone stood Hiawatha on the shore looking over the flashing water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,

With a look of exaltation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

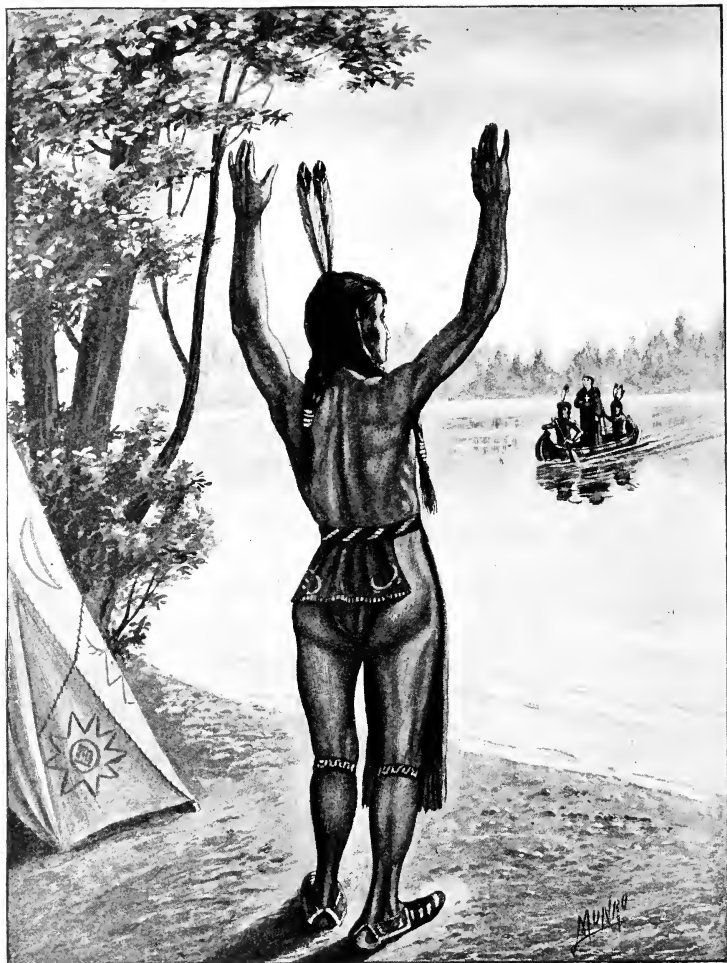
As he stood there looking out over the lake,
he thought he saw a distant object move over
its surface. He waited and watched till at
last he knew it was a canoe filled with white
men from the east.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,

Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the rocky margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Hiawatha joyfully bade them welcome and
at once invited them to his wigwam.

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
“Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!”



Hiawatha then led the strangers to his wigwam, and gave them the softest robes to sit upon. The good old Nokomis brought them food and drink, and all the people of the village came to see the strangers.

Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do:
How he fasted, prayed, and labored."

All the warriors listened till he had finished;
then the chiefs spoke in answer.

“We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.”

Then they all departed to their wigwams,
and the Black-Robe chief and his companions,
weary with the heat of summer, lay down to
sleep in Hiawatha's wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered;

“I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,

To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them ;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha !”

Then Hiawatha went through the village
 and bade farewell to the young men and the
 warriors.

Spake persuading, spake in this wise :
 “ I am going, O my people,
 On a long and distant journey ;
 Many moons and many winters
 Will have come and will have vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning !”

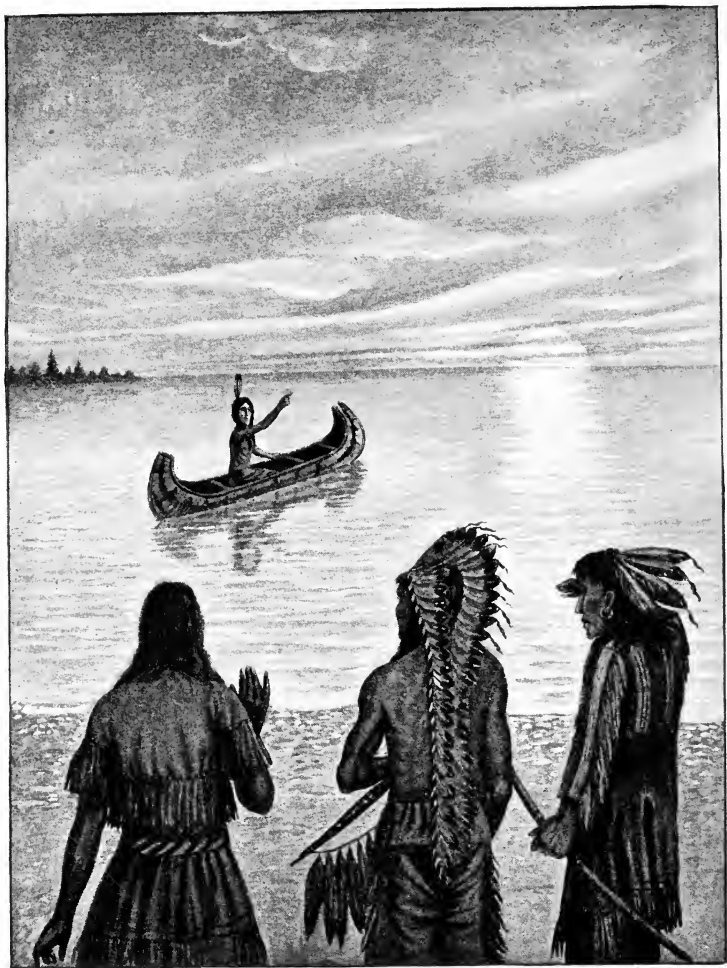
Hiawatha walked down to the margin of the lake, and then waving his hand to his people in a last farewell, pushed his birch canoe from the beach, far out into the water.

Whispered to it, “ Westward ! westward !”
And with speed it darted forward.

The clouds were red with fire from the setting sun, and the waters of the lake gleamed and sparkled in the light of sunset. But the canoe seemed to leap forward like a living

thing, bearing Hiawatha rapidly to the regions
 of the Northwest wind, which Mudjekeewis
 promised him for his own. The people on
 the shore watched him as the canoe sped
 on and on, seeming to be lifted up to the very
 portals of the western sky, where it gradually
 disappeared from sight forever.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
 Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the forests, dark and lonely,
 Moved through all their depths of darkness,
 Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the waves upon the margin
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
 Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her haunts among the fenlands,
 Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"



Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

Black-Robe-chief, one of the missionaries who labored
among the Indians, teaching them many things.

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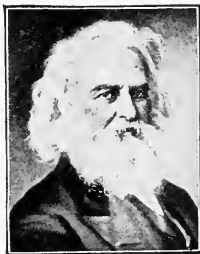
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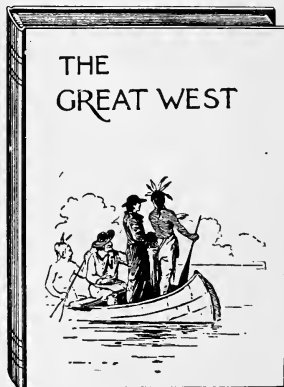
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